

# "HANDS OFF"

By B. A. KOBLEGARD, of Weston

Of the two friends, Bill had a thirst to be sated, while Fred, the younger, was interested chiefly in social pastime with his companion. The men were in a dry West Virginia city, but knew the rendezvous of a boot-legger or two.

"Let's go to 'Hy's,'" suggested Bill. "I think Hy has part of a carload left yet, and while I am getting the booze maybe you can meet his daughter."

"Fine. Is she a good-looking?" pressed Fred eagerly.

"She's a swell little kid. I'd like for you to look upon her."

"Good." I'd rather see the girl than the liquor," declared Fred.

Although it was but 9 o'clock at night, it was evident to Bill that Hy was not on the street; he must therefore be resting at home. Hy had handled a lot of whiskey in dry territory and gotten away with it. His house, a rather prepossessing two-story brick, stood at the end of a little cul de sac of a street. Toward this darksome abode, the two men made their way. Arrived at the front door, Bill touched the electric button. Through a curtained glass they could see a tidy reception hall dimly lighted by its chandelier. No body was visible within. Suddenly, though, a curtain moved at the rear of the hall and a face appeared. It was a girl's. It was the face of a pretty brunette, pale and youthful.

"I saw her," gasped Fred, and he punched the button impulsively.

The girl emerged from the back room and cautiously opened the door a little.

"This is Miss Ruth, I believe?" began Bill courteously. "I am Bill Morgan, an acquaintance of your father, whom we should like to say this is my friend, Fred Ross. We wish to catch the next interurban car for home."

Bill eyed the girl anxiously as he spoke. The girl was absorbing glances with Fred, as she listened. Then she quickly replied:

"Yes, dad is here, but in bed sick!"

The word "sick" has its specific meaning among bootleggers, and means that kind of suffering resulting from over-indulgence in liquor. The girl's announcement was ingenious, though. The men understood this.

"Couldn't we see him in his room for a minute?" appeared Bill.

The girl knew Bill to be an accredited client of her father. But she hesitated. She seemed disinclined to yield to the importunity. No doubt there was another reason. But before she could utter a refusal, she darted a swift glance at Fred who, fixing her fair face with his eyes, sent a faint flush mounting to her brow. She smiled naively.

"Yes, I suppose you can go up," she said decisively, and stepped back. She stood silently holding the door while Bill, and then Fred, entered. Fred mastered an impulse to remain behind with the girl, by accompanying Bill up to Hy's room at the head of the stairway—a lighted little room with a single bed, on which the king of bootleggers lay prone upon his back with his eyes closed and fully dressed. He apparently dozed while a freshly bruised nose exuded some blood. In his hand he grasped a bloody handkerchief.

"Hy," said Bill, giving the fellow a light shake, "wake up!" Hy was inert.

Bill gave him another and another shake. Then Hy opened his eyes suddenly like a fellow who has been pretending sleep.

"Gentlemen, what will you have?" he said in that familiar way, rising on an elbow.

"I want a pint, Hy!" stated Bill to the purpose; he then disressed with a cautious solicitation for the injured nose.

Hy sat on the side of the bed now and carefully wiped some blood from his nose.

"Mixed up with Dan, Ruth's fellow, this evening, and he got me on the nose," exclaimed Hy bluntly. "But," he added in sudden emphasis, "he won't be back again. Ruth is done with him. He's a lazy loafer and no good."

Thus Hy had cited the crux dominating Ruth's thoughts when the men asked to be admitted to the home. The girl's reluctant manner had been actuated by a sense of outraged family pride, it seemed.

While Hy talked, Fred glanced across his shoulder and saw the girl seated on a sofa in the hall below. She was listening, and looked up. Their eyes met. Here was a chance to converse with Ruth while Bill and Hy talked, bethought Fred, and he started from the room. The next instant, he stood before the girl bowing.

"Excuse me," he began, "but you looked lonesome down here."

The girl blushed and turned the remark boldly aside.

"How did you find dad?" she asked.

"Slightly disfigured—that's all!" said Fred with optimism. "It was an unfortunate accident, to be sure."

The girl's eyes flared up vindictively. "The wretch!" she cried. "I never want to see Dan's face again. He assaulted father out front this evening. Dan and dad were both drinking, and they fell out over a sale that dad made. I heard the quarrel and started to take a hand myself, after Dan had hit dad on the

nose. When Dan saw me, he ran. He cursed me. I believe I would have killed him, had I had a gun."

"You did care for Dan, though?" ventured Fred.

The question was confusing to the girl. "Yes—of course—till this evening. Now it's all over—I hate him!"

"You are a most pretty girl and shouldn't be ill-treated by anyone," asserted Fred.

The girl smiled, and Fred took the seat beside her.

Footsteps above at that moment told them that Bill's mission to Hy's room was fulfilled. As the men wished each other good-night, Bill evidently carried a pint in his pocket, while Hy, on retiring once more, had added another one-fifty to his bank account.

"Oh, so you two children are already acquainted," greeted Bill, as he descended to the hall.

"Miss Ruth is some girl," declared Fred.

"I guess I'm dad's girl now," retorted Ruth.

"You and Dan are quits?" said Bill inquisitively.

"Sw!" cried the pretty brunette. "I was just telling your friend how badly Dan has acted."

"Serve him right," agreed Bill summarily.

The resolute manner of the girl inspired Fred with pride and hope. He really felt in love with the vivacious brunette. He knew there was hope as long as she was only dad's girl.

"Ready, Fred?" said Bill, as the former made no move to rise.

"It's not yet car time," protested Fred.

"Stay awhile!" coaxed Ruth hospitably.

Bill surveyed the cozy couple suspiciously, then averred, "Oh, you!" He opened the door abruptly and went out. "Meet me at the car station, then. Good-night," he called.

Alone, Fred and the girl grew quite friendly. The few minutes he tarried, swelled into buds of love. Suddenly, a resonant snore from Hy's room brought Fred to his feet with a start.

"I suppose I must be going," he announced with painful reluctance. "I am so happy to have met you—Ruth. I never felt that way before. I could—"

The door opened suddenly. Fred and the girl thought it was Bill returning. Fred ceased in his ardent address.

The girl gave a violent start as the

face of Dan, her discarded lover, was thrust into their presence. She leaped erect in a defiant attitude and was about to speak, when Dan strode boldly into the room.

"Damn you!" he hissed jealously. The enraged bootlegger paid no attention to Fred. He wanted only to reach the girl, it seemed. Springing forward the fellow struck the girl a misdirected blow on the shoulder. He quickly drew back for another pass, while the girl flew at him like an aroused tigress. But Fred entered the breach before the girl could get to her drunken lover, and felled him with a well-aimed blow.

Dan measured his length on the floor at the feet of Fred and the girl. The latter gazed dazedly for an instant at the work wrought by her deliverer, and then turned her eyes full upon him. Divining which Fred felt that he had won the girl's undying affection. But not so. Possibly the tender flame he had started was turning to hate in the girl's heart, as the hate she had felt for her tormentor but revealed the relentless yearning of a hidden desire. The eternal inconsistency of women were raging in a glorious chaos. By taking the girl's part, Fred had invaded the forbidden precincts of a woman's heart. He had essayed too much. He did not know that a woman must be permitted to settle her own heart affairs alone. In the stress of the moment, when the fires leaped higher in the girl's eyes as to destroy him, a raucous voice from above shouted: "What in hell's the matter now?" It was Hy who spoke, but the only answer returned was a cry of rage from the girl. She dealt Fred a wicked jab in the face and proceeded to claw and scratch at his face, neck and clothing. Bewildered by these actions, Fred sought only to escape. He dashed from the bootlegger's household, leaving the disturbance where it should best be settled. As he departed he gave the prostrate bootlegger a vigorous prod with his toe.

At the car station Fred reached Bill, on whose face was written surprise.

"What the—?" began Bill; but Fred was already repeating what had happened at Hy's. When he had finished, Bill said:

"I guess you have made the whole bunch mad now. Hy won't let me have any more liquor after this."

"But the girl and—?" extenuated Fred.

"Say, listen," and Bill pronounced the solemn formula, "Hands off!"

## FILL WAR CHESTS FOR GREAT FIGHT FOR PRESIDENCY

Republicans and Democrats Are Ready for the Decisive Campaign Drive.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2.—Despite the desultory skirmishing of the last few weeks, the presidential campaign now getting into full swing promises to be one of the most remarkable and spectacular contests in the political history of the nation.

Both the Republican and Democratic forces have been organizing their armies of campaigners, filling their war chests, and storing up polemic ammunition for use in the desperate conflict which it now appears certain will mark the close of the canvass.

While Mr. Hughes has been touring the West the Republican strategists have been perfecting their battle plans, which call for a great drive on the Democratic administration beginning in the latter part of September.

To Tear Off the Mask.

A score of investigations of the Wilson regime by experts employed by the Republican managers are in progress, the purpose being to subject the secret workings of this most secret of all administrations to the glare of that "pitiless publicity" which the president promised before his election.

The Democrats are bracing themselves for the coming onslaught. The president himself will strike the keynote of his campaign and defend himself against the attacks of Mr. Hughes in the speech he will deliver when he is formally notified of his nomination on September 2. All the departments of the government have been transformed into agencies for disseminating campaign literature lauding the record of the administration and contradicting and explaining the charges preferred by the Republicans.

Polishing up Slogans.

The Democrats are polishing up a variety of slogans with which the country already is beginning to resound. Chief of these is the cry, "Wilson has kept us out of war," meaning thereby, say the Republicans, the wars with Germany and Mexico, which the president "nearly got us into."

The campaign plans of the Democrats include a sort of grand finale in October, in which "the settlement of the Mexican question" will be proclaimed. It is intended that the commission now taking up the differences between the United States and Mexico shall report an agreement well before election, which will be hailed by

the Democrats as an assurance of the restoration of order on the border.

Then the Pershing expedition will be withdrawn and, if no hitch occurs, the national guard will be brought home. The Democrats believe these events will sweep the people off their feet with enthusiasm for the president and they will abide in the hope that the Mexican ghost will stay "hid" until after the election at least.

Carranza to Say Good.

Cynical politicians are of the opinion that if Carranza prefers Wilson to Hughes in the White House he will not start any fresh trouble till after November 7 next.

Other Democratic campaign movies will show President Wilson belaboring Great Britain and France for censoring and confiscating American mail, disrupting American trade, and blacklisting American merchants with German affiliations. The fact that Mr. Wilson never has won any concessions of import to his voluminous but mild epistolary demands upon Great Britain and France has produced so widespread a conviction of his partiality for the cause of the allies that the Democrats see the necessity of giving the lion's tail a few spectacular campaign twists.

In addition the Jeffersonians hope to be able to present the people some time in October with a formal settlement of the Louisiana controversy with Germany, despite the fact that the Republicans say the Democrats are welcome to any glory they can get out of a money indemnity for 115 American lives sacrificed to the policy of a president "too proud to fight."

Adequate in Preparedness.

The president believes that he is well fortified to meet the issue of preparedness by the army and navy legislation, although the Republicans will show that Mr. Wilson raised every dime in this direction for a year and a half after the war started and that they forced upon him a measure of preparedness which at first he sought to oppose.

The Democrats will proclaim themselves the authors of the prosperity which is upon us, while the Republicans will quote statistics to show that the coming of the war brides was all that saved the country from disaster after the Underwood tariff law went into effect.

The president goes into the campaign with several anchors thrown to windward and a plentiful supply of thunder stolen from the Republicans. While still posing as an advocate of tariff for revenue only, he has sought to convince the protectionists that he is one of them, too, for he has caused Congress to create a tariff commission. The Republicans will seek to convince the people of the untrustworthiness of an administration which ridiculed preparedness until forced into line by an aroused electorate on the eve of the campaign, which floundered

Change of Policies.

In regard to the dyestuffs duties, the Republicans welcome the president to the fold, but they scout the sincerity of his eleventh hour conversion to the tariff commission plan.

The Republicans will seek to convince the people of the untrustworthiness of an administration which ridiculed preparedness until forced into line by an aroused electorate on the eve of the campaign, which floundered

ed through the submarine controversy with Germany while 150 Americans were killed, which blunderingly promoted anarchy in Mexico and resented border outrages only when politically menaced by popular indignation, which has delivered the public service to the southern spoilsman and allowed pork barrel extravagance to run riot. The severest indictment of the extravagance of the administration yet heard in the campaign was uttered on the floor of the senate this week by Senator Penrose.

Penrose's Arraignment.

"According to the formal statement made by the ranking Republican member of the appropriations committee of the House at the close of the Sixty-third Congress the total appropriations of the first Democratic Congress were \$2,231,000,000, or \$177,000,000 greater than the total appropriations made by the last preceding Republican congress," he said. "Total expenditures for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1915, exceeded receipts by \$64,000,000. It is yet too early to say what will be the exact amount of the total appropriations of the first session of the Sixty-fourth Congress, but the estimate is now \$1,700,000,000, which will be at the rate of \$3,600,000,000 for the entire Congress, or over a billion dollars more than the last Republican Congress appropriated."

"The immensity of the appropriations having been thus established, let us see whether the American people get what they wanted and whether the money was spent with good business sense and management, to use the limitations applied by the president."

Loss of Prestige.

"First, what did the American people get in the way of national standing among the nations of the earth? What did we get in response to our earnest desire for an 'American first'—for a prestige that would make every man proud to assert in every land and on every sea that he is an American citizen? In return for this increased expenditure of money we saw diplomats of long experience and demonstrated ability set aside for inexperienced and unqualified men whose only claim to recognition was that they were 'deserving Democrats.'"

"We saw Russia rebuke our attempt to play petty politics with the ambassadorship to that country. We sacrificed a large degree of the respect of pan-American countries by sending to the Dominican republic a man who was recalled at the instance of members of the Democratic party. We demanded salaries that we never got; we demanded disavowals that we never given; we made bluffs that we dared not back. Were our expenditures for the department of state made with what President Wilson terms 'good business sense and management'?"

"What did we get in the way of promotion of American industry? A tariff law that increased our consumption of goods made by foreign labor in foreign countries at the same time that our own factories were closed or their production curtailed, so that millions of men were thrown out of employment until a foreign war brought relief."

"Was that what the American people wanted for their money? Was that good business sense?"

"What did we get in the way of domestic governmental services—in the postoffice department, for instance? The rural mail service was so demoralized that almost every senator and congressman was flooded with protests. Even the senator from Georgia (Mr. Hardwick) is authority for the assertion that the injury to the rural mail service in his state was so serious that if the state were not so overwhelmingly Democratic the administration would lose the state in the coming election. Service in cities has been curtailed. Star route contractors were thrown into bankruptcy because the administration unexpectedly forced upon them enormously increased burdens without commensurate increase in compensation."

"The list of wasteful and useless expenditures is too long for extended enumeration. The number of offices has been increased by 30,000, at an annual increased expense of \$40,000,000. You establish nitrate plants and build armor factories, as the forerunners of other governmental competition with private enterprises, thus discouraging individual initiative. You increase expenditures in the South and increase tax collections in the North. You increase expenditures for commercial agents in South America and let the balance of trade increase against us. You tear down the structure erected by civil service reform and yield the place of honor to the spoilsman."

"You maintain public bureaus in the government service whose task is largely that of promoting political partisan warfare. You persecute banking institutions of recognized standing, and when the jury has brought in a verdict of acquittal you force the people to bear the expense of publishing and distributing an argument in defense of the administration. You printed twice in the Congressional Record and once as a public document a partisan speech made by the secretary of the treasury, which speech, I am informed, has been distributed in envelopes addressed by clerks paid by the people of the United States."

"Do the people demand that you conduct your campaign at their expense, and if so, when and how did they express their wish? You let diplomatic and consular officers leave their posts of duty at critical times in order that they may be at home during the political campaign. You violate your pledge of simplicity and economy until one of your own number, the senator from Missouri (Mr. Stone) felt impelled to protest against increased purchase of automobiles. Your high salaried heads of departments and bureaus go about the country making partisan speeches while government work is delayed."

"You expend your energies for the passage of a ship purchase bill when every ship on earth is already as busy as human energy and ingenuity can make it, and when every shipyard has all the orders it can fill for two years to come. You pursue policies so carelessly considered that you are forced to reverse yourselves and acknowledge the waste of time and effort."

"You preach pitiless publicity, but make a record that you deem best to conceal. You pretend a desire to co-

## "PEACHES" ON BOOTLEGGERS AND IS SHOT

Grafton Man Seriously Wounded in a Mysterious Shooting Case.

GRAFTON, W. Va., Sept. 2.—Simon Garner is now in the city hospital in a serious condition from injuries received from a load of buckshot fired at him from close range. The shot struck him about the head, neck and body, but no vital organs were struck, and he will recover. It is said that Garner had informed the local officers of the activities of several bootleggers and that the shooting was probably an effort on the part of some of the lawbreakers to get revenge.

Jones Transferred.

As the result of the recent Methodist Protestant conference at Jane Lew, the Rev. Jesse T. Jones, of the Grafton church, has been transferred to the Pennington church and the Rev. G. H. Snider has been named as his successor here. Many other changes were made in this district.

Three Hundred Attend.

Three hundred teachers attended the Taylor County Teachers' Institute here this week. Superintendent Roy J. Martin was in charge, and was assisted by Prof. W. Epsey Albiz, of Bellevue, Pa., Superintendent L. W. Burns, of Grafton, and Prof. T. E. King, of Grafton. The institute came to a close on Friday.

Attend Picnic.

Several hundred employees of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad from Grafton and vicinity attended the Baltimore and Ohio employees picnic at Mountain Lake Park on Tuesday.

Final Work on Bridge.

The final work on the new \$50,000 county bridge will be started at once. The paving of the bridge and the erection of the ornamental light poles have not been finished, though the bridge has been in use for several months. The work of completing the structure will be started now so that it may be completed before winter weather begins.

Tailoring Shop Raided.

Burglars raided the tailoring shop of Theodore H. Gerkins and secured several dollars in change, after breaking their way through a window in the rear of the shop. The safe was left unlocked, as it contained no valuables, but the thieves got the money by forcing open money drawers. Bloodhounds were put on the trail of the burglars, but the results were unsatisfactory.

Burt in Car Wreck.

J. C. Graham and John Nestor, both of this city, were victims of street car accidents at Clarksburg, and are only now recovering from their injuries. Graham had his hip broken, while Nestor was less seriously injured.

Family Reunion.

The Brown family reunion was held Saturday at Reedsville, Preston county, with several hundred connections of the family present. The family is one of the oldest and most prominent in this section of West Virginia, having originally settled in Preston county.

Received Into Order.

Miss Julia Eleanor Ryan, of Grafton, was received into the Order of the Sisters of Mercy at Mount St. Agnes College, Mount Washington. Miss Ryan is a sister of Mrs. Ed Moran, of Grafton, and has been in hospital work for several years.

Jurors Drawn.

The petit jurors for the September court have been drawn by the jury commissioners. The September court will convene on September 12, and the jurors are summoned for September 18. A heavy docket is before the September court despite the fact that special terms of court during the last summer have enabled Judge Neil J. Fortney to dispose of a large amount of business that would ordinarily have come before the regular September term.

Health Men Fight Typhoid.

Though the typhoid fever epidemic in this city is now well in hand, the local authorities are vigorously prosecuting the battle against the malady. Reports of the state bacteriologist on three more wells shows them all to be unsafe. Authorities are preparing to start prosecution against one or two men who are found to be responsible for much of the pollution of the city water supply. Only one or two new cases of fever have been reported in the last two weeks.

Attend Reunion.

Hundreds of Odd Fellows from Grafton and vicinity attended the big rally and reunion of the I. O. O. F. members from Maryland and West Virginia at Mountain Lake Park. Special trains carried the delegates

operate with business, then order postmasters to compete with banks without increased compensation, then suspend your order and let bankers linger under the uncertainty of unfair competition with the government.

"Without the advice or consent of the Senate you send special representatives to foreign countries, with expense accounts of unknown amounts."

"You are guilty of all these and a multitude of other similar wasteful and extravagant acts, and yet you attempt to justify it by a pretense of being giving the people something for which they have asked and that money is being applied with good business sense and judgment."

## No Dodging The Dye Question Here

We propose meeting the acute dye situation frankly and openly.

We give each fabric a week's test, exposed to sun and rain, and only order such as stand the test satisfactorily.

We can therefore absolutely guarantee our new fall and winter materials to be dyed with the best dyes obtainable in America.

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from the various sections, four trains carrying several thousand through Grafton.

Has Heart Trouble.

Mrs. William Marquess was seized with heart failure at the United Brethren church Sunday and is now recovering from a serious illness.

Touring the West.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis have left on an extended trip to a half-dozen of the big sights of the West, including the Grand Canyon, the Arizona petrified forest, Sequoia Park, etc.

The Death Roll.

John Mitchell, formerly of Grafton, died this week in Montgomery, Mo. He was the uncle of Captain William Mitchell, of this city.

John W. Payne, aged 60 years, died Sunday at his first ward home,

after an illness of typhoid fever. He is survived by his widow and three children, two sons and one daughter, all of this city.

WHAT TO WEAR.

Is any other subject of such tantalizing interest as that of WHAT TO WEAR? Does any other problem hold its interest for you so strongly all the time? A great many of the advertisements in the Telegram today are largely devoted to this very subject.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS

THE DIAMOND BRAND. Labeled Ask your Druggist for Chichester's Diamond Brand Pills in Red and Gold Metal Box, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Buy only of your Druggist. Ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for 25 years known as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

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is the domestic turn that's real. There is an elegance and a good taste to our laundry work which commands us everywhere. Make no mistake, it will effect a saving for you to bring your laundry here. We cleanse, but we at the same time preserve. Keep your laundry in good condition or let us guarantee to do it for you.

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